

**Fiftieth Anniversary**  
OF THE  
**City of Somerville**  
MASSACHUSETTS

1872



1922

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Fiftieth Anniversary  
OF THE  
CITY OF SOMERVILLE



CELEBRATED JULY 2, 3 and 4

1922

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL PRINT

1756381



#### COMMITTEE OF MAYORS.

Mayor John M. Webster, Chairman, seated before the table.

From left to right, beginning with standing row, the former Mayors are: Charles A. Burns, Zebedee B. Cliff, Charles W. Eldridge, Leonard B. Chandler, George O. Proctor, George A. Bruce, Albion A. Perry and John M. Woods.



## SOMERVILLE



Set off from Charlestown as the town of Somerville on March 3, 1842, by act of the legislature signed by Governor John Davis.

Organized as a town on March 14, 1842.

Population, 1842, 1,013.

Valuation, 1842, \$988,513.

Incorporated as a city on April 14, 1871, by Act of the Legislature signed by Governor William Claflin.

First Somerville City Government inaugurated January 1, 1872.

Population, 1872, 16,000 (estimated)

Valuation, 1872, \$22,755,325.

Population, 1922, 95,000 (estimated)

Valuation, 1922, \$88,138,139.



## ARRANGING THE CELEBRATION



In his inaugural address delivered on January 2, 1922, Mayor John M. Webster said:—

“Fifty years ago this week the first City Government was inaugurated. Since that time our city has increased in population from 16,000 to over 90,000, and in valuation from \$22,000,000 to over \$87,000,000.

“While this is an achievement of which any city might well feel proud, it is not so much in our multitudes or millions that we glory, but in the knowledge that within the borders of our city lie many of the most sacred and historic spots in the entire nation. May we never become so imbued with the thoughts of material things that we shall forget to pause at these milestones and fittingly acknowledge our gratitude for the wisdom, patriotism, valor and high ideals given to us by those who have gone before.

“I therefore recommend that a reasonable appropriation be granted to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of our city on a day and in such manner as shall seem most advisable to this City Government.”

At the meeting of the Somerville Board of Aldermen on February 9, 1922, an order offered by Alderman Arthur F. Mason was passed that July 4, 1922, be set aside as the day on which the fiftieth anniversary of the city should be celebrated.

On March 3, 1922, at a meeting of the Board of Aldermen in conference with the Mayor it was voted that the president appoint a committee of seven aldermen, one from each ward, to take charge of the fiftieth anniversary parade. This committee was appointed and organized as follows: Enoch B. Robertson, president of the Board of Aldermen, chairman; Waldo D. Phelps, vice-president of the Board; William F. Burns, Joseph A. Haley, Thomas D. Mitchell, J. Freeman Saville and Emerson J. Coldwell. Richard A.

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## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

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Keyes, clerk of committees, was appointed clerk of the parade committee.

In answer to a general invitation issued by Mayor Webster a public meeting of citizens was held in the City Hall on the evening of April 1, 1922. Many suggestions were offered and it was voted that three days, July 2, 3 and 4, 1922, be given to the celebration and that Mayor Webster, who presided at the meeting, with former Mayors Zebedee E. Cliff and Charles W. Eldridge, be appointed a committee to appoint committees to have charge of the celebration. This committee named all the living ex-mayors of Somerville as an advisory committee to the mayor, and the mayor, ex-mayors and Board of Aldermen were made the general committee in charge of the celebration. The mayor's committee was composed of the following: Mayor John M. Webster, Hon. George A. Bruce, Hon. Albion A. Perry, Hon. George O. Proctor, Hon. Leonard B. Chandler, Hon. John M. Woods, Hon. Charles A. Burns, Hon. Zebedee E. Cliff and Hon. Charles W. Eldridge. Sumner M. Teele, secretary to the mayor, was made secretary of this committee. Later Ex-Mayor Perry was selected as orator for the patriotic and historical meeting on July 3; Ex-Mayor Bruce was placed in charge of that meeting; Ex-Mayor Cliff was placed in charge of the band concerts, and Ex-Mayor Eldridge of the fireworks. Ex-Mayor Burns was asked to arrange for a firemen's muster, but this feature owing to a conflict of dates was later abandoned.

Meetings of the mayor's committee and the parade committee were held frequently and every detail of the arrangements was settled in season and with perfect harmony. An appropriation of \$6,500 for the celebration expenses was recommended by the mayor in his budget and passed by the aldermen on April 14, 1922. On June 23, 1922, the sum of \$3,000 was added to this appropriation, making \$9,500 in all, which provided for all the expenses of the occasion and left a small balance.

## PROGRAMME OF PATRIOTIC AND HISTORICAL MEETING

Monday Evening, July 3, 1922, in High School Hall

*Mayor John M. Webster, Presiding*



Concert by the Somerville Orchestra, Morris W. Moore, leader.

Opening remarks, Mayor John M. Webster.

Reading, "The House by the Side of the Road," Sam Walter Foss, by Miss Mollie Foss.

Original ode by Rev. E. Tallmadge Root, "The City of Homes and of History."

Introduction by Mayor of guests on the platform:—

Walter S. Barnes, of Brookline, member of the first Common Council, in 1872.

Hon. George A. Bruce, mayor of Somerville, 1878, '79 and '80.

Hon. Albion A. Perry, mayor of Somerville, 1896, '97 and '98.

Hon. Leonard B. Chandler, mayor of Somerville, 1904 and 1905.

Hon. John M. Woods, mayor of Somerville, 1909 and 1910.

Hon. Zebedee E. Cliff, mayor of Somerville, 1914, '15, '16 and '17.

Hon. Charles W. Eldridge, mayor of Somerville, 1918, '19, '20 and '21.

William P. Mitchell, clerk of committees from 1882 to 1915.

National airs, orchestra.

Address, Hon. Albion A. Perry, read by Ex-Alderman James W. Kenney.

Remarks, Hon. Charles L. Underhill, member of Congress from the Ninth Massachusetts District.

Announcements by Enoch B. Robertson, president of the Board of Aldermen and chairman of Parade Committee.

Singing, "America," audience.

Concert, Somerville Orchestra.



## PATRIOTIC AND HISTORICAL ADDRESS

By HONORABLE ALBION A. PERRY

Mayor of Somerville, 1896, '97 and '98



For the high honor conferred upon me by the Committee who arranged the order of exercises for this meeting, I am profoundly grateful. And yet, had I realized the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking at the time the invitation to be your speaker on this occasion was extended to me, it is probable that I should have asked to be excused from so onerous a service. My perplexity and misgivings have not been due to any lack of materials for the preparation of an historical address, but rather to a bewildering excess of such materials, from which it has seemed almost impossible to make a selection that would either satisfy your expectations or relieve me from a sense of humiliating failure. I am sure that it would have been more pleasing had a younger and better-equipped man been chosen to voice your pride and joy in this celebration of our city's year of jubilee. I crave your pity no less than your patience in my vain effort to condense into an hour's address the events and developments on Somerville soil covering a period of nearly three hundred years. It is indeed the task of "crushing Olympus into a nut."

Nominally, it is true, we have met to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Somerville as a City, but that fact furnishes no justification for confining our attention solely to the last half century of our municipal life. Such a restriction would be fatal to any correct portrayal of the history and characteristics of our city. It would be akin to an attempted description of a beautiful tree that referred only to the branches and leaves, with no mention of its far-reaching roots and stately trunk.

In the very beginning, I must ask you to keep in mind the fact that our beloved home city has had an independent life of only four-score years; that for more than two centuries it was, in area, just a corner of the ancient town of Charlestown. Somerville would be an ungrateful daughter if she did not on this auspicious occasion acknowledge her debt of gratitude and love to the Mother City from whom she received such a precious legacy of patriotic memories. Generous old mother she has proved, for from her fruitful loins have sprung some of the fairest of our Middlesex cities and towns. In the presence of one who should feel inclined to chide her for her present shrunken and soberly-appareled form, she might well point to Somerville, Medford, Malden, and her other comely and prosperous daughters and say, in the spirit and words of the noble Roman matron: "These are my jewels and ornaments." Wherever in this address reference is made to occurrences which took place in Somerville prior to 1842, you will know that the name of our city is used merely to indicate that part of Charlestown which is now Somerville.

The real celebration of the semi-centennial of Somerville as one of the cities of our grand old Commonwealth will take place tomorrow, when the patriotic spirit of our people will find expression in waving flags, ringing bells, soul-stirring music, booming cannon, far-reaching processions, exciting games and blazing fireworks. Our meeting this evening is only a prelude to the morrow's joyous carnival. Mr. Mayor: It is much to your credit, and to the credit of your associates on the Committee, that our greatest national holiday was selected for the Somerville celebration. It is the day which commemorates the political emancipation of a brave people, proclaimed to the world in a Declaration of Independence which is humanity's grandest charter of liberty. God himself seems to have recognized its holiness by choosing it as the day for calling from earth to heaven both the author of the Declaration, Thomas

Jefferson, of Virginia, and its most powerful advocate, John Adams, of Massachusetts, both of those illustrious statesmen having died on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration. There is a like appropriateness in the place where we are now assembled. No better spot than this historic hilltop could have been found for reviewing the career of a city whose very soil is sanctified by patriotic memories.

The history of Somerville as a white man's dwelling-place has its beginning far back in the seventeenth century. It is believed that an exploring party, led by Myles Standish, in 1621, were the first white men to set foot on what is now Somerville soil. Seven years later, in the summer of 1628, another small company of men, setting out from Salem, journeyed across country until they reached the valley of the Mystic River. They followed the course of the stream until they found themselves in a spot which seemed to possess many advantages as a place of permanent residence. Here they decided to make their homes, and in so doing laid the foundations of Charlestown. Their description of the Mystic valley, which embraced the northeasterly part of Somerville, was not altogether flattering. They declared that it was "generally full of stately timber, while round about was an uncouth wilderness." Other contemporary writers seemed to find the region more attractive, for they speak of "frequent areas of open lands . . . ready for the plough and tillage without much labor;" of beautiful open land, mixed with goodly woods; of marshes rich in the production of hay, "of which the cattle feed and like;" of fertile, grass-grown meadows and wooded hills.

Great admiration was expressed by the writers of that early time for the abundance of native fruits, nuts and flowers everywhere to be had. This may seem strange to the present generation, who know Somerville only by its streets of closely-built houses, its well-paved squares, its hilltops crowned with happy homes and imposing public



buildings. But it is clearly understood by those of you who, like myself, and less than fifty years ago, were wont to gather wild strawberries on the slopes of the Ten Hills Farm, and many native flowers on the summit of Convent Hill. The streams were full of fish, as some of us can readily believe who have seen with our own eyes the waters of Alewife Brook swarming with the fish from which it took its name, and have caught hundreds of silvery smelts in yonder Mystic River. Deer roamed the woods where our finest houses now stand. Governor Dudley, writing to the Countess of Lincoln, tells of partridges "as big as our hens," and great wild turkeys, "exceeding fat, sweet and fleshy." Flocks of wild pigeons were often seen flying swiftly through the air, on one occasion in such a dense mass as to obscure the light and cause the startled onlookers to interpret the incident as an omen of impending evil. Wolves, rattlesnakes and mosquitoes, a few of the last named still surviving, were among the less attractive of Nature's products described by the early historians. One reputable writer narrates: "Beares they be common, being a great blacke kind of Beare, which be most feirce in Strawberry time."

When first viewed by the white man, the hills of Somerville were more in number, and not less in beauty, than those which were considered the crowning glory of ancient Rome. The most prominent of them still remain, with contours practically unchanged, while others have been leveled to provide filling material for the far-stretching marshes by which they were in part surrounded. Through the valleys meandered several clear and sparkling streams, with outlets into the Charles and Mystic rivers. With the exception of Alewife Brook, they have long since disappeared, their waters having been diverted to underground drains and sewers.

The climate of Somerville remains today essentially the same as it was in the 17th century if we may credit

the records kept by the first settlers. Then, as now, there were exasperating extremes of heat and cold which caused oft-repeated complaint. It has proved itself, nevertheless, favorable to physical health and longevity no less than to mental activity and achievement.

Among those who first settled in Charlestown, a small contingent established homes in the district "without the Neck" which was afterwards set off to form the Town of Somerville. One of the number was the first resident Governor of Massachusetts, John Winthrop, whose home was the Ten Hills Farm, bordering on the Mystic River. In the waters of this stream, near the Governor's house, on the fourth day of July, 1631, was launched the first ship ever built in Massachusetts, the "Blessing of the Bay."

The white man's title to the lands of Somerville was derived from two sources, the one from royal grants, a typical robber's title resting upon no better foundation than the forcible seizure of territory by a powerful nation from those who were too ignorant to know and too weak to defend their rights in the premises. The other source was a grant from an Indian chieftain, who was beguiled into the exchange of these Somerville hills and vales, together with other valuable lands, for "twenty and one coates, ninten fathoms of wampum, and three bushels of corné."

The men who first laid their hearthstones and kindled the fires of family love and devotion in this favored spot where we now have our homes were men of heroic mould. They were endowed with fine intellectual powers, were ambitious and resourceful far beyond the requirements of their simple farmer-life. Such men did God choose for the builders of a new world in which humanity should find an answer to its age-long prayer for freedom and opportunity to attain to its best estate. Little did our forefathers realize, when they set out to cross the trackless deep, that they held a commission from the Almighty himself to plant in virgin soil the seeds of a mighty Republic whose achieve-





# BOARD OF ALDERMEN FOR 1922.

Top Row—John R. Spiers, Henry F. Welch, Joseph A. Haley, Arthur F. Mason, George A. Berry, John J. Hoban, Albert E. Hughes.  
 Middle Row—William M. Morrison, Francis W. K. Smith, Emerson J. Coldwell, J. Freeman Saville, Thomas D. Mitchell, John S. Smith, Jr., William F. Burns.  
 Seated—Lyman A. Hodgdon, Robert C. Harris, Waldo D. Phelps, Vice-President; Enoch B. Robertson, President; Fred Allen, William C. Abbott, Hiram N. Dearborn.



ments should dim by their splendor the records of all the nations of the past. Their first years were years of hardship, peril, disease and death. Houses must be built, forests felled, farms cleared, industries established, churches and schools provided. The Indians by whom they were surrounded were a standing menace, the food supply was meagre, and there were no adequate means of combatting the sicknesses which resulted in alarming fatalities. But they steadfastly held to their God-appointed task until the sky brightened and the divine purpose was revealed to them.

Despite the hardships and perils of this pioneer life in a strange land, there were compensating features which disclose an unspeakable charm to the student of history. The family life in those scattered farmhouses was simple and sweet, its quiet joys outnumbering all the sorrows. As a rule there was a morning and evening service of scripture reading and prayer at the humble family altar which attuned the souls of the devout worshipers to the higher harmonies of the spiritual world, and no meal was eaten without an invocation of the divine blessing.

Thus prepared for the daily duties and the nightly slumbers, the members of the household toiled and rested from their toil with the persistency and serenity of true Christians. The farmer tilled the land, the miller ground the grain, the lumberman felled the trees, the fisherman cast the net and dropped the hook, while others pursued a variety of vocations to serve the needs of the slowly-growing population. Within the home, the housewife, brave and resourceful as her husband, cooked the food, carded the wool, spun the yarn, and in many cases wove the cloth and made the garments worn by herself and by her husband and children. The boys and girls worked almost as hard as their parents. It was a toilsome, but in some respects an idyllic sort of life. Recreation, in the modern sense of the word, was virtually

unknown. There was no victrola in the house, no golf links in the fields. The only music was the song of the spindle and the loom, and the singing at eventide of the sacred hymns learned in the churches which it was the custom punctually to attend. So primitive and rural in its every aspect was the Somerville of those early days that it was designated by the people of the surrounding country as the "Cow Commons" and the "Stinted Pasture." It received these homely names because of the fact that the dwellers in Charlestown drove their cows across the "Neck" to feed on the fine grazing grounds of our Somerville hills and valleys. Each morn the music of the herdsman's horn was wafted through the still air as a signal to the farmers to have their cattle in readiness for the long morning drive.

The constant threat of attack by Indians, and later by Frenchmen, made the doctrine of military preparedness popular and important to the farmer-folk of Somerville in the seventeenth century. They therefore enrolled themselves in military organizations, and helped to build defensive fortifications in and around Boston and Charlestown. One of the earliest to win distinction as a military leader was Major-General Edward Gibones, whose name stands out with commanding prominence among the very first settlers of Somerville.

The heroic spirit of the men who first made their homes here was shown by the manner in which they resisted and overcame the haughty aggressions of Sir Edmund Andros, who was commissioned by King George to exercise autocratic rule over the Massachusetts Bay colonists. Andros went so far as to deny the validity of the titles by which Somerville farmers held their lands, and in other ways roused the ire of those liberty-loving men. Notwithstanding that he held credentials from the British King, he was arrested and imprisoned and an end was made of his unprovoked tyrannies.

The fetters of foreign rule were gradually tightening around the limbs of those self-reliant New England men. The friction became at last too painful to be borne with patience by those who aspired to be absolutely free. This is not the time for a recital of the events that led to the revolt of the American colonies and brought on the Revolutionary War. We may, however, indicate in a general way the immediate cause of hostilities, and make brief reference to the part played by Somerville in that momentous struggle which added a new star of the first magnitude to the world's constellation of nations. The story, in its main features, is familiar to you all.

The treatment of the Colonies by King George and his ministers grew continually more autocratic and oppressive. In 1774 a long series of restrictive measures on the part of the British Government culminated in the enactment of the Boston Port Bill which placed a disastrous embargo on Boston and Charlestown, amounting to a complete blockade of the port upon which the welfare of the people depended. The British had sent over strong military and naval forces to intimidate and coerce the colonists. On Somerville soil one of the first hostile acts on the part of the British occurred, when a detachment of troops landed at the Ten Hills Farm, marched to the Powder House on Quarry Hill and seized the powder stored there. This, with other offensive movements by the British forces, alarmed and angered the people. Armed men by the thousand marched to the defence of their homes and their liberties. They were fast being driven to a decision to divorce themselves from foreign rule, and establish a free state with "a government of laws and not of men."

The least sagacious mind could not fail to see that a state of war already existed, and a choice must be made by the colonists between submission and resistance to British tyranny. There could be no doubt of the nature of the decision in a community that was dominated by the spirit



of John Hancock, James Otis and Samuel Adams. The high resolve was promptly taken to meet force with force, to repel every assault upon the liberties of the people.

It became known in Boston that a detachment of British troops was about to march stealthily at night to Concord for the purpose of seizing the military stores of the colonists deposited there. To thwart this purpose, and also to prevent the capture of Hancock and Adams, who were then in Lexington, Paul Revere was commissioned to give warning to the Middlesex yeomen of the impending foray. It was over the slopes of yonder Winter Hill that he rode on that fateful night in April just 147 years ago. Never did the clatter of a horse's feet send a more prolonged echo adown the sounding corridors of time. Its music still rings in every patriot's ears. From this fair hilltop where we are now gathered we can see the spot where the signal lanterns gleamed in the belfry of the Old North Church to guide the impetuous horseman on his thrilling midnight ride.

Great was the consternation of the farmer-folk of Somerville, dwelling in widely-separated houses, as they were awakened from sleep by the tramp of soldier feet along Washington street, Somerville avenue, Elm street and connecting highways on the eighteenth of April, 1775. They sprang from their beds, peered into the darkness, and dimly beheld a strange and fearsome spectacle. It was nothing less than a body of British soldiers marching across country on their way to Lexington and Concord, where, on the morrow, they were to suffer ignominious defeat in an engagement with valiant Minute Men and the rudely-armed farmers who "fired the shot heard round the world." We do well in Massachusetts to hold that day in sacred remembrance, for it was consecrated by deeds of heroism that make one of the most glorious chapters in American history.



While the battle was raging at Lexington Common and the old North Bridge at Concord, the men of Somerville found time to collect their thoughts and mature their plans. On the evening of the nineteenth the defeated and demoralized troops again passed through Somerville. Near the corner of Elm and Beech streets they were subjected to a rain of Yankee bullets. From that point on, until they reached Charlestown Neck, they were constantly under fire of the American soldiers and citizens. The shot from many a farmer's musket found its mark in the red coat of a British soldier. Only one Somerville man, James Miller, lost his life that day. He stoutly refused to join his comrades in a hurried retreat to a place of safety, calmly saying: "I am too old to run." The first patriot's blood shed on Prospect Hill flowed from his veins, and around the same historic eminence the first guard in the Revolutionary War was mounted.

The military drama enacted in April, on a stage extending from Boston to Concord, was followed two months later by the Battle of Bunker Hill. In that famous encounter the soil of Somerville served as a background and rallying point for the Yankee soldiers. The battle was counted by the British as a notable victory; but it proved to be one of those victories that are worse than any defeat. It was a supreme test of the indomitable courage of the American soldier. It disclosed the magnitude of the contest now on between the forces of freedom and oppression. The patriot blood shed on the slopes of that old Charlestown Hill quickened with its fertilizing streams the determination of the colonists to sunder forever the fetters of kingly rule. Somerville was the scene of many a thrilling exploit on that epoch-making day. Even before the fighting began, fortifications were set up on Prospect Hill, and a regiment of Berkshire men was encamped near-by. Cobble Hill, Winter Hill and Convent Hill were all occupied by our army. Detachments of American soldiers marched to

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and fro across our soil, alternately advancing and retreating with the varying fortunes of the battle or in compliance with the demands of strategy. The British commanders learned on that June day the seriousness of the task they had undertaken, while Englishmen at home were saying: "If it cost a thousand men to take Bunker Hill, how many will it cost to capture all the hills in America?"

To narrate even the most important events which took place on Somerville soil during the earlier years of the Revolutionary War would require far more time than is now at my command. Again and again you have been told of the splendid deeds of daring done by the men in that far-off time who rallied to the defence of their homes and liberties. They were proud to give their all in such a cause. Their farms were transformed into fortifications, and their peaceful lives disturbed by the din of war. Every hill was furrowed with intrenchments, while the manoeuvres of bodies of infantry and artillery became as familiar as the movements of the husbandman in the field or the housewife in the home. Great military commanders, like Putnam, Prescott, Warren and Lee, were seen riding along the highways, and even the mighty Washington himself added the majesty of his presence to the manifold glories of our Somerville hills. From the summit of Prospect Hill, on the first day of January, 1776, the flag of the United Colonies was unfurled, the first American flag of truly national import that ever waved in the face of a foe. Can we, the inheritors of such sacred memories, some of us descendants of the men who wrote in blood the title deeds of our independence; can we, I ask, stand on any one of these consecrated hilltops without hearing voices saying to us, as from the burning bush of old, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"?

It is to men like those who first trod our Somerville soil and had a part in the struggles to which I have referred, that we of today are indebted for the priceless

heritage of freedom we now enjoy. They were men of far-reaching vision. Under no trivial impulse, and for no frivolous purpose, did they brave the perils of the sea and set up their hearthstones in a strange and inhospitable land. They knew the evils and defects of the hereditary monarchy under which they had hitherto lived, and were eager to escape from its thralldom. They believed that government should be a real partnership of the people, embracing in its membership the humblest as well as the highest, the poorest as well as the richest, each contributing in the measure of his ability to the common welfare and advancement. Such a government would express the will and wisdom of the governed, and progress with the growing intelligence of mankind. The fundamental concepts of the democracy which they had espoused, they embodied in the immortal charters of liberty written with their pens and sealed with their blood. Hence, even to-day, our every search for the true gospel of democracy leads us back to the Bills of Rights, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. So long as history is written or read, so long as this great American Republic shall endure, those pioneers of freedom will be held in grateful and reverential memory. It was their God-given privilege to demolish the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and exalt the citizen to a rank superior to that of monarch or potentate; to frame a political system upon the eternal principles of justice and equality; to do away with every form of aristocracy, save the aristocracy of intellect and conscience. Through the long and direful years of that mighty struggle for independence the colonists held to their lofty purpose until victory finally perched upon their banners. The English and Hessian armies were hopelessly defeated, a new Republic had been added to the sisterhood of nations, and Great Britain had lost the brightest jewel in her imperial crown.



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## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

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The War of the Revolution at an end, the residents of Somerville again applied themselves assiduously to the arts of peace. Those ambitious and untiring freemen found abundant labor for the employment of hand and brain. They were the initiators of a great variety of undertakings that ultimately brought wealth according to the modest standards of their time. One of the most important and lucrative of these industries was the making of bricks. In several localities brick yards were to be seen, and some of us remember the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night that marked the locations of the burning kilns. Long after the manufacture of bricks had ceased, the unsightly and dangerous clay pits remained, the home of the catfish and bullfrog. Our Broadway and Lincoln Parks are located on spots where the pits, many of them filled to a considerable depth with water, long stood as a menace to the lives of our children. The quarrying of stone was also carried on from an early date, while dairy farming attained to such proportions that the main thoroughfare across Somerville, from Charlestown to North Cambridge, was called Milk Row. With the growth of population, and after the incorporation of Somerville as a town, additional industries were established, including bleachery and dye works, rope walks, spike works, a pottery, grist mill, distillery, glass factory, and in recent years extensive slaughtering and rendering establishments. Marketing of the commodities first produced in Somerville was not the easy thing it is today. Until the first bridges were built from Charlestown and Cambridge to Boston, near the close of the eighteenth century, the people were obliged to travel nearly ten miles over rough highways to reach the New England Metropolis where their wares could be sold.

The first public highway in Somerville was Washington street, extending from Charlestown Neck to Cambridge, then called "New Town." Shortly afterwards the easterly end of Broadway was laid out. Still later, rangeways, one-

fourth mile apart, were dedicated to public use. Those ancient rangeways are now among our longest and most-traveled streets, which we know by the names of Franklin, Cross, Walnut, School, Central, Cedar, Willow avenue, Curtis and North.

Down to the time of the setting off of Somerville from Charlestown there were but few families residing on our soil. It was chiefly a community of farmers who, in several cases, owned large tracts of land. The Tufts family alone once held more than a tenth of the entire acreage of Somerville. The Ten Hills Farm, the easterly part of which lies in Somerville, was another of those extensive landed estates. It was, as has already been said, the home of Governor Winthrop, where he carried on farming operations on a large scale, and indulged his taste for fishing and shooting. When I first came to Somerville a little more than fifty years ago, I found much pleasure in sauntering along the green stretches of the farm, strolling through the rooms of the old mansion house and slave quarters, and picturing in my mind the festivities which had taken place there. From the lips of William Jaques, son of Colonel Jaques to whom the farm was granted in consideration of valuable military services, I received minute details of the lives and activities of the former owners of the farm. The stock farm carried on by Colonel Jaques was famous in its day for its herds of blooded cattle, horses and sheep, its deer park, and its pack of well-trained hounds. The greater part of the farm is now occupied by the homes of an intelligent and contented people, though a considerable tract is still vacant and unsightly, deeply scarred by the quarryman's blasts and the resistless thrusts of the steam shovel.

Few towns in the United States have such a unique and precious relic as Somerville possesses in its old Powder House. For more than two centuries it has crowned the low eminence in the westerly part of our city, now made beautiful as a public park and bearing the name of its gen-

erous donor, Nathan Tufts, himself one of our most highly respected townsmen. Around its gray walls history and romance have woven a fabric of surpassing interest and charm. At first it served as a mill for the grinding of the farmers' grain and was afterwards conveyed to the State for use as a powder magazine.

Even before the incorporation of Somerville as a town several important institutions, of more than local interest, were established within our borders. One of the most worthy of these, housed in imposing and commodious brick buildings, was the McLean Asylum for the Insane. It was located on Cobble Hill, and opened to receive patients in 1818. Here it bestowed its humane benefactions upon the unfortunate until its removal to a more quiet situation was demanded.

The Ursuline Convent crowned our beautiful Mount Benedict. It was a noble institution established for the mental training and Christian nurture of young women. Although conducted under Roman Catholic auspices it extended its benign privileges to representatives of all sects and creeds, and was even more largely patronized by Protestants than by Catholics. The destruction of its fine and hospitable buildings in 1834 by an ignorant and brutal mob is one of the darkest chapters in the history of Somerville.

For many years there had been a growing discontent in the minds of those dwelling "outside the Neck" with the treatment they were receiving from the public authorities of Charlestown. Movements were set on foot for a complete separation from the mother town, and in the year 1842, by an act of the General Court, the Town of Somerville, as it now exists territorially, came into being. The event was heralded with loud acclaim. The new town immediately proceeded to perfect its legal organization by electing five of its leading citizens to serve as the first Board of Selectmen. As compared with the present time it was a day of small things. The population of the town was



then only 1,013. The total expenditures for all municipal purposes during the first twelve months was less than \$6,000. Radical improvements and extensions were demanded in highways, schools and other departments, and the work was faithfully and economically performed from year to year by honest, sagacious and public-spirited officials. The growth in population for many years was slow, but the few families who established homes for themselves in Somerville were of the very best type. They came in considerable numbers from Cape Cod, Maine and New Hampshire, and brought with them the high qualities of mind and morals that have distinguished the communities in which they originally dwelt.

The men who started Somerville on its municipal career were inexperienced in the duties which they were called upon to perform; they were obliged to work with few and imperfect tools; but they were serious and honest of purpose, with Yankee keenness of intellect and an inborn genius for leadership. Their breadth and solidity of character was written on their faces, as any of you may see by looking upon the photographs of the last Somerville Board of Selectmen and the first Board of Aldermen hanging in our City Hall.

While Somerville was still under a town form of government many improvements were undertaken and carried out which conduced in large measure to growth of population and the comfort of the people. Important highways were laid out, illuminating gas was introduced, a public water supply acquired, a sewer system inaugurated, land purchased for our Central Hill Park, and the first high schoolhouse built. In 1864 the first street railway was constructed connecting Union Square with East Cambridge and Boston.

The time at last came when the public affairs of the town had become too important and complex to be managed efficiently by a board of selectmen, hence, in the year

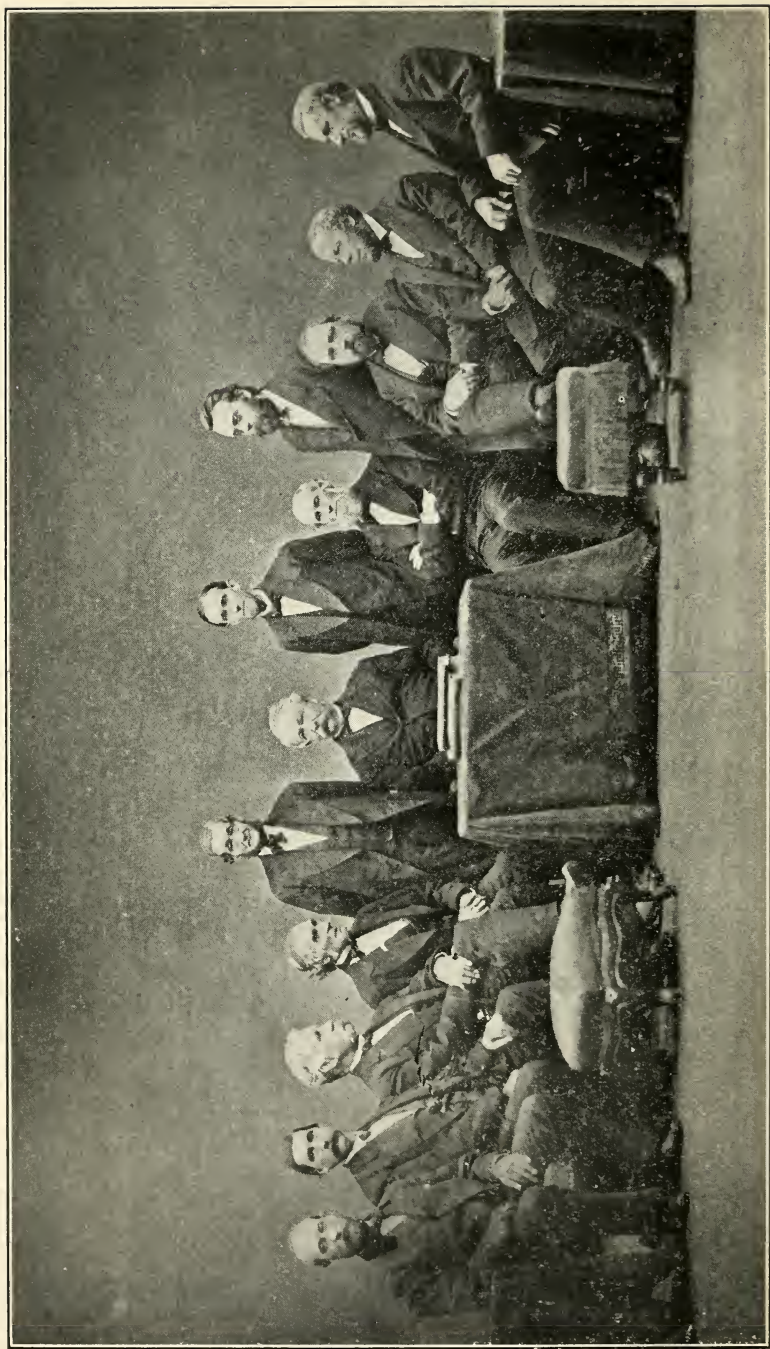
1871, pursuant to an act of the Legislature, Somerville adopted a city charter, and in the following year inaugurated its first Mayor and City Council.

I have dwelt so long upon matters relating to Somerville's early days, that little time remains for considering the city's record of accomplishments during the last fifty years. Perhaps this has been, in some respects, the best course to pursue. If I have been able to show you, even in the most imperfect way, a municipal tree with deep-running roots and sturdy, well-proportioned trunk, you may be sure of healthy, vigorous branches and abundant, beautiful leaves. All of this we find in a survey of the city's history since its incorporation in 1872. It has been blest with worthy sons of noble sires, with daughters proud of the inheritance of exalted womanhood received from mothers who were the embodiment of every feminine virtue. It has cherished and maintained the lofty standards at first set up.

While we recount with pride the achievements of the men who laid the foundations of Somerville and established the policies which have led to its present high standing among the cities of the Commonwealth, let us not disparage nor think lightly of the efforts of those upon whom their mantle fell. The things that have the largest place in the life of today, the institutions and agencies from which we chiefly derive comfort, prosperity and happiness, have either been organized or perfected during the last fifty years. This is true of nearly all of the churches that minister to our spiritual needs, and the schools that train and discipline the minds of our boys and girls. To the mayors and other public officials who have transacted the business of the city since its incorporation, we are indebted for our well-nigh perfect systems of water, sewers, parks and playgrounds. They have laid out and paved many miles of streets and sidewalks, making them bright and safe at night by the most-approved method of electric lighting. They have given us departments of police, fire







THE FIRST MAYOR, BOARD OF ALDERMEN AND OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF SOMERVILLE, 1872.

From left to right they are: Alderman William H. Furbet, Alderman Daniel E. Chase, Alderman Jacob T. Gilmes, Alderman Clark Bennett, City Clerk Charles E. Gilman, Mayor George O. Brastow, City Treasurer Aaron Sargent, Alderman John G. Hall, City Solicitor Selwyn Z. Bowman, Alderman Horace Haskins, Alderman Person Davis, Alderman John R. Poor.

and health that are models of efficiency. They have established and maintained a public library of highest rank.

I wish that it came within the scope of this address to pay a tribute of appreciation and gratitude to the men and women who have made the largest contributions to the up-building of our city in the public positions which they have held. But the list is far too long, and any attempted selection of the most conspicuous examples would result in grave injustice to those whose names were omitted. The record is accessible to all, and there need be little fear that such earnest and conscientious service will be forgotten by the generations yet to come. It has been my privilege to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with nearly all of the public men of Somerville during the last fifty years, and without the slightest exaggeration I can say that they have been models of efficiency and integrity, and shining examples of clean and high-minded manhood.

We have had such upright and faithful officials because of the fine quality of our citizenship. Public sentiment in Somerville has ever been overwhelmingly in favor of clean and progressive government. It is only fair to say that the wise management of municipal affairs by the constituted authorities has been evenly matched by the activities of men and women in private life. They have been men and women of splendid ideals, of serious purpose, of untiring energy, of inflexible integrity. They have aspired to the best things in every department of human welfare; the best schools, the best churches, the best social order, the best sanitary conditions, the best philanthropies, the best administration of law. They have been forceful and self-reliant in the face of obstacles, receptive of new ideas, but conservative in their adherence to well-established principles of conduct. They have manifested their characteristics and embodied their ideals in boards of trade, civic associations, historical and literary societies, hospitals for the sick, homes for the aged and infirm, supervised playgrounds

for the young, social welfare work for the betterment of conditions among those least able to help themselves, and in many other ways that need not now be named. The women's clubs have been among the largest and most usefully active in the State. Local newspapers of the best type have been published, one of them, the Somerville Journal, now more than fifty years old, being generally recognized as the leading suburban newspaper in New England. Banking institutions, of wide repute for sound and conservative management, have been established in different parts of the city to facilitate business operations and encourage habits of saving among the people.

We have been honored as a city by having among our residents many who have won distinction in the fields of literature, science, music and art. At this time I can mention only a few of those who have achieved widest fame. Elbridge S. Brooks ranks among the most popular of our American historical writers, while the name of Sam Walter Foss is familiar and beloved in nearly every intelligent household in the land. In his poems he has expressed the spirit of democracy and the fundamentals of Christianity with incomparable fervor and charm. The character of his work is best indicated in his own lines:—

He is the greatest poet  
Who will renounce all art,  
And take his heart and show it  
To any other heart.

Those of us who were privileged to get close to the heart of that rarely-gifted man know how tender and sound and true it was, what fountains of blessing issued from it for the refreshment of his fellowmen. The name of Professor Amos E. Dolbear stands high among those who have benefited humanity by their contributions to scientific knowledge and research. He was one of the pioneers in discoveries and inventions that gave us the telephone. Chief of



the many musicians of Somerville who have thrilled vast audiences with their masterly musical gifts, is the son of the well-remembered man who for many years was the musical instructor in our public schools. As one of the greatest of modern composers and orchestral leaders, he has made the name of Hadley familiar in many of the largest cities of America and Europe, and is still doing splendid work in his noble profession. But the number of these distinguished citizens is too great to permit of further mention of their names.

There is no better measure of the character and standing of a city than its support of educational and religious institutions, and here we may proudly point to the record. The cause of education has always received generous support from the citizens of Somerville. The schools of the town and city have been among the best of the Commonwealth. Their management has been in the hands of committees and superintendents of recognized ability and progressiveness. Their teachers have pursued their high calling with fidelity and zeal. Beautiful and spacious school buildings have been erected in all parts of the city to meet the needs of a rapidly-growing population. We entered upon our career as a town with only 302 children of school age. Not quite eighty years have passed, and the number has grown to 18,414, of whom 14,000 are public school children. We have now thirty school buildings of the estimated value of \$2,276,700, in which 452 teachers are employed. This year's appropriation for the school department is \$1,301,325 including the sum of \$325,000 for new buildings and additions to present buildings.

Notwithstanding that some of its school buildings are in Medford, we claim Tufts College as one of our noblest Somerville institutions. It bears the name of a Somerville man, Charles Tufts, who gave 100 acres of land as the site of the College, and its faculty are nearly all residents of our city. It has filled a large place in the intellectual life of

this community, and we look with keen satisfaction upon its steady growth and ever-enlarging usefulness. For those who desire a modern business training, a well-equipped commercial college is provided by the Fisher Brothers on Winter Hill.

For more than two centuries the inhabitants of Somerville were obliged to attend worship in the churches of Charlestown and Cambridge. The first church on our soil, known as the First Congregational (Unitarian), was erected on Highland avenue, a little to the east of our present City Hall, in 1845. Church organizations have multiplied to keep pace with the growth of population, until now nearly all of the leading sects of Christendom are housed in places of worship provided by their devotion and zeal. In kindly catholicity of spirit they work together for the common good, seeking to hold our citizenship to the loftiest standards of Christian thought and life. It is worthy of note that recently, on Winter Hill, a synagogue has been dedicated to the worship of Jehovah in accordance with the rites of that ancient Hebrew faith in which our Christian religion was cradled, and from which it derives many of its holiest traditions and most binding sanctions.

Without referring to the wars in Mexico and the Philippines, that differed widely in principle from the other mighty contests in which our country has had a part, we may proudly recall that, since the incorporation of Somerville as a town, the patriotic temper of our people has been thrice tested in the fiery crucible of war.

Following the close of the Mexican War, in 1847, the United States had enjoyed the blessings of peace only for a brief term of years when storm clouds again gathered in the nation's sky. The question of African Slavery, long a bone of contention between North and South, had become acute and threatening. A little woman, plying her pen in one of the beautiful college towns of the old Pine Tree State, had painted a picture, in her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of

slavery's ugliest features which awakened the slumbering conscience of the North. A fiery crusader of liberty had lighted a torch at Harper's Ferry whose flame blazed in every corner of the land. Clear-visioned men of the South, gazing upon the Virginia gallows from which the lifeless body of John Brown dangled, saw in the background the gleaming sword of Damocles hanging over the "peculiar institution" upon which their whole social and industrial system had been built.

The Southern States, in order to save the "institution," and justifying their action by an appeal to the doctrine of State Sovereignty, proceeded to adopt ordinances of secession and thus withdraw from the Federal Union created by the Constitution. This monumental question of State Sovereignty had stood from the beginning as a menace to the peace and stability of the Republic. In its discussion in the National Senate Chamber, Webster and Calhoun had made generous contributions to the world's masterpieces of forensic oratory. It was to be finally settled by the merciless arbitrament of war.

In the month of February, 1861, the seceding States formed an independent government under the name of the Confederate States of America. On the twelfth of the following April the first rebel shot was fired at Fort Sumter. It was now apparent that a day of judgment for national unrighteousness had been ushered in with the blare of bugles, the roar of cannon, and the tramp of martial men. After withstanding a fierce bombardment for thirty hours, the brave commander at Sumter was compelled to haul down the Stars and Stripes from the old fortress. On the very next day, April 15, President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers for three months' service. What was the response of Somerville to the call? Three days after the President's appeal the members of the Somerville Light Infantry, the only military organization then in our city, assembled at their armory and enrolled recruits to fill



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vacancies. Under the command of George O. Brastow, who later served as the first Mayor of Somerville, it was mustered into service as Company I, Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. It reported for duty in Faneuil Hall on the 18th of April, and arrived in Washington on the 28th. It participated in the disastrous battle of Bull Run.

The members of this Company, together with many other young men of the town, rendered valiant service on many a bloody battlefield, intrepidly following the colors until the last shot was fired, and Grant received the sword of Lee at Appomattox. Ninety-eight of those youthful heroes gave their all for the preservation of the Union, yielding up their lives in battle, in hospitals, and in loathsome prison pens. Of the 1,485 men enlisted in Somerville, few are now living on this side of the Great Divide, but the memory of their heroism and self-sacrifice will be forever cherished in the hearts of their countrymen. Because of what they did and endured, we are today a united people, in our national life knowing neither North nor South, neither East nor West, and the shadow of slavery no longer dims the colors of our glorious flag. Those who were once estranged, their hearts filled with jealousy and hate, now dwell together in a splendid empire of peace and love.

For more than fifty years we have had in our midst an organized body of the veterans of the Union Army. Thank God, some of its members are with us here tonight. Throughout its entire career it has been our best instructor in the school of genuine patriotism. In the forms of its blue-coated heroes, as they have marched through our streets on all great civic occasions, and especially on Memorial Day, it has been the most impressive representative of the majesty and glory of the Republic. Its ranks grow thinner with each passing year, and the day is not far distant when we shall hear the last roll-call of the Grand



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Army of the Republic; but so long as a single survivor of that Army remains with us, he will be the recipient of our veneration and love.

Just as the nineteenth century was drawing to a close, the young men of Somerville were put to another test of loyalty and valor. I need not tell you that there was no faltering when the call of country again sounded in their ears. Cheerfully they put on the uniform and embarked for the fair Cuban Isle to end the torture and butchery which Spanish soldiers were engaged in at our very doors. More than this: To them was assigned the righteous task of avenging the unprovoked act of perfidy on the part of Spain by which an American warship was destroyed in the harbor of Havana, and the mangled bodies of hundreds of our gallant sailors and marines were buried in the waters of the sea. Every duty demanded of our soldier boys in that short but important war was performed with courage and alacrity. Our Spanish War Veterans are worthy sons of the sires whose valiant deeds were recorded in blood on the fields of Shiloh, Antietam and Gettysburg.

In the summer of 1914 the world seemed to be in the enjoyment of an assured and enduring peace. Some of the wisest and most far-seeing men were positive in their conviction that no great war would ever again take place among the nations. It was said that the peoples of the earth were so closely united by a community of commercial and financial interests that the ruling classes would never permit a resort to arms for the settlement of international controversies. While the comforting words of prophecy were still warm on the lips, the dogs of war, made savage by long feeding on the doctrine of preparedness, bounded from their kennels and drove their fangs deep into humanity's throat. In a few short weeks Europe was in a welter of blood, and men began to fear that the light of Christian civilization was about to be put out. Germany,

drunk with the spirit of imperialism and flushed with victories on many fields, became insolent and aggressive towards neutral nations, demanding as a right created by necessity that she should have absolute control of the seas. The ultimatum which she finally presented to our own country in regard to ocean navigation was so haughty and insolent as to provoke the wrath of every American with a drop of red blood in his veins. We were compelled either to enter the contest, or stand forever after in the eyes of the world as a land of despicable cravens. The hour for decision had come. Our great peace-loving President framed his indictment of German autocracy in words that burned into the hearts of his countrymen, and solemnly called upon Congress for a declaration of war. We raised an army of four million men so quickly as to fill the hearts of our allies with amazement and joy, and convulse the souls of our adversaries with consternation and fear. The German war lords had said: "The Yankees will not fight," but after they had faced our young soldiers at Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, Belleau Wood, the St. Mihiel Salient, Argonne Forest, and on other bloody fields, those same war lords quickly changed the form of their declaration and said: "We will no longer fight."

On no page of the world's history is there a prouder record of daring and achievement than was made by the American army on the fields of France. No task was too heavy for the hands of those intrepid soldier boys, no peril too appalling for their valiant souls. To them we may well apply those familiar lines of Emerson:—

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When duty whispers low, Thou must,  
 The youth replies, I can.

While we extol the heroism of the two million young men who crossed the submarine-haunted sea, carrying their

country's flag to victory amidst the smoke and flame of battle, let us not forget to pay our tribute of honor and respect to the equal number of uniformed men who remained on this side of the water, denied the privilege which they fondly craved of joining with their comrades in caging the savage German beast and freeing humanity from its brutal ravages. They, too, were soldiers of the Republic, willing and anxious to perform any service and make any sacrifice demanded of them by their country. A much greater poet than Emerson has said of men like these:—

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Somerville has every reason to be proud of the part played by her sons in that terrible world war. She contributed 6,519 of the flower of her young manhood to the service, and of that number 122 made the supreme sacrifice. If time permitted, what a soul-stirring picture might be painted of the heroism of our Somerville boys on the shell-torn fields of France! The memory of two of them, who died from wounds received in battle, will henceforth be perpetuated in the names of our most spacious athletic field and our most beautiful public park. One of them, Saxton Foss, son of our beloved and lamented poet-librarian, and inheritor of his father's genius, was of New England birth and training. He proved himself the incarnation of American valor at Veaux, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and St. Mihiel. His bravery won for him the Distinguished Service Cross, and his name will be forever starred in gold on Somerville's proudest roll of honor. The other boy, George Dilboy, was one of our adopted sons, who first saw the light of day in that country of unparalleled renown where the names of Miltiades and Leonidas, after the lapse of twenty-five centuries, are still held in reverence. No soldier who served in the armies of the Allies made a prouder record or won a more imperishable fame. You may read everything that has been written about Marathon



and Thermopylae, and find no achievement more brilliant and death-defying than the exploit of Dilboy which took place near Belleau just four years ago this month. Standing alone, he faced and made himself the target of a German machine gun mounted only one hundred yards away. Again and again he returned the fire of the Boche, but failed to silence the gun. He then rushed forward, with bayonet fixed, towards the enemy's position. He fell to the ground, his body pierced by several German bullets and his right leg shot away. In that prone position he continued to discharge his gun with such deadly effect as to kill two of the enemy and cause the others to run away, leaving the dying Somerville boy complete master of the situation. To all of the young men of Somerville who were called to the colors in that great war for the preservation of liberty and democracy throughout the world, let us extend the greetings of warm and grateful hearts on this happy occasion. May we ever hold their deeds in fadeless memory, and prove to them by word and act in all the coming years that we recognize in them our defenders and saviors.

The moral standards of our Somerville citizenship are clearly reflected in its attitude towards the liquor traffic, which has enabled us to bear the proud distinction of being the "Banner Temperance City of the Commonwealth." Not once, during the long period of local option, was a vote recorded in favor of the sale of alcoholic intoxicants, and when at last the people of the whole country were given the opportunity to outlaw forever a business which had become a national curse, they followed the example set by Somerville, and by means of a Constitutional Amendment made Prohibition a part of the organic law of the land. Proudly may we record on this joyous day that no mayor of this city has ever been compelled by vote of his constituents to affix his name and the city's seal to a license for the creation of poverty, insanity and crime. It has meant much to our young men and young women that they could walk in

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every street and alley without beholding the grim spectacle of a licensed liquor saloon. And now that we have the humanity-saving law on the nation's statute books, let us see to it that it is impartially and inflexibly enforced.

Radical changes in our political system have taken place in the last fifty years, none more salutary and far-reaching than the complete enfranchisement of women. No longer do we invite the criticism and provoke the sneers of other nations by an attempt to maintain a democracy with one-half of the people politically enslaved.

In the realm of science and invention during the last half century, the human mind has wrought astounding miracles. The lightning, which Franklin first interrogated with his kite, has become the willing servant of man in ways undreamed of fifty years ago. It now carries the human voice across oceans and continents without so much as a slender thread of metal to bind it to its task. The statesman at the national capital may orally plead his cause with his constituent a thousand miles away, and the prima donna's song, sung in the great metropolis, may at the same moment sing itself into the ears and hearts of a little family group in a remote rural cottage far out on the frontier. We have tied wings to ponderous engines, and sent them skyward to match the eagle's soaring and the swallow's flight. We have taught great monsters of the sea to dive beneath the turbulent waters, and swim their hidden course with the speed and precision of the finny tribes. There seems to be no limit to the conquests of human genius in this marvelous age in which we live.

We may well glory in the things already accomplished, but let us not deceive ourselves with the thought that our most perplexing problems have been solved, that our hardest work is already done. Eight years ago we fancied ourselves living in a stable world, with a well-ordered civilization and reasonable assurance of long-continued peace. A quick shot from the pistol of a crazy Serbian youth caused



the whole world to tremble on its foundations, enthroned Moloch in the place of the Prince of Peace, and brought us face to face with the ghastly fact that our boasted civilization was merely a thin veneer. Today the peoples of the earth dwell amidst clouds and shadows. The fairest fields of France and Flanders serve as sepulchres for a vast army of young men slain, millions are already dead from famine and pestilence, while other millions await the same fate. Everywhere human hearts are poisoned with the corrosive acids of hatred and desire for revenge distilled in the seething alembic of war. We are citizens of the one country that can lead the perishing nations from the Egypt of misery and servitude where they now almost hopelessly languish to the Promised Land of peace, prosperity and brotherly love. If we shirk the mighty task which God has committed to our hands, it may be our fate and punishment to perish, as so many nations have perished in the past who have governed themselves by the laws of selfishness and greed instead of the immutable law of righteousness enacted by the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

Let me plead with you, my fellow-citizens, to take counsel at all times of your faith rather than your fears. Never doubt the ability of our country to lead her sister nations along the pathway of an ever-broadening, ever-brightening civilization. Turn a deaf ear to the man, however exalted his position, who is continually crying out "America first," or insults the young manhood of our country by telling them that they fought and their comrades died merely "to save their own skins." Proudly proclaim to all mankind that at every conference and before every tribunal, where a world problem is discussed or a world's destiny determined, America's place is at the head of the table, there to rebuke imperialism and autocracy, there to blot out secret treaties and compacts, there to champion the cause of international amity and peace. Look for inspiration to the men of vision and courage who laid the founda-

tions of this magnificent Republic of ours. It fell to their lot to chart an unknown sea. This they did boldly, with no cringing awe of tradition and precedent. Along their pathway no guiding light shone save the torch of Liberty, held firmly in the hand of Justice. With their blood in our veins and their example before our eyes, shall we be faithless and supine in the presence of today's problems and perils? Shall we skulk in their shadow and quote their words, uttered under radically different circumstances, in order to fill our pockets with gold or escape solemn duties disclosed to us amidst the hellish flames of war?

The true grandeur of America will be attained not by commercial supremacy, not by military strength and prowess, not by magnitude of population. We shall stand on the highest pinnacle of our pre-destined fame when the world looks to us for the finest development of art, science, music and literature; for the most perfect educational methods; for the suppression of the brutality and misery of war; for emancipation from the evils that dwarf the brain and deaden the conscience; for a realization of that highest form of human happiness which results from obedience to God's unchanging moral law.

Mr. Chairman: Thirty years ago, at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Somerville as a town, a beloved ex-Mayor of the city, the honorable George A. Bruce, closed his masterly oration with a thrilling sentence which in spirit was a prayer. It voiced the hope and sounded the appeal that the ensuing fifty years of our city's record might continue "white and free from stain." Three-fifths of the period to which he then looked forward has passed. With pride which the human tongue can but feebly express, we may now assure him that the prayer has thus far been answered in the spirit of its utterance. During the thirty years that have elapsed since we listened to his fervent petition the men and women of this city have continued to fight the good fight in the cause of

a clean and progressive civilization; they have held to the straight and luminous course laid out for them in the very beginning of the nation's life; they have kept the faith in the principles of free representative government transmitted to them by the fathers; they find their reward in the approval of an intelligent and high-minded citizenship numbering nearly one hundred thousand souls.

Some of us have already reached an age which forbids hope of participation in the glorious things that are yet to be in the history of our city, state and nation. But, despite all the confusion and unrest, despite every evil portent that now darkens our sky, we confidently believe that the better day is sure to dawn. My last words tonight shall be a solemn pledge of loyalty and service, spoken on behalf and in the name of the young manhood and womanhood of Somerville, to whom we must look for the realization of our dreams. We pledge ourselves to uncompromising fidelity to the principles of liberty and justice which inspired the hearts and shaped the lives of the men and women from whom we received the rich heritage of blessings which we now enjoy. We will choose for our public servants only those who are of recognized ability and integrity. We will safeguard and support the religious and educational institutions which make for strong and noble manhood, for pure and exalted womanhood. We will add to the sweetness and security of family life by making longer and harder the pathway from the marriage altar to the divorce court. We will insist upon prompt and inflexible enforcement of all criminal laws through the orderly processes of the courts. We will put a stop to the lynching of colored men for real or imaginary offenses, and no longer give ear to any man or woman who seeks to escape the penalty for the crime of murder by invoking the protection of an "unwritten law." We will curb the capitalist who poisons the fountains of industry with his insatiable greed, and silence the professional labor agitator who sows the seeds of hatred and un-

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rest in the hearts of those who create the world's wealth by their daily toil. We will close every noisome den wherein pitfalls are laid for the feet of our boys and girls. We will foster and protect every agency which contributes to the development of a finer citizenship and adds to the richness and happiness of human life. All of these things each one of us will strive to do, thus winning the approval of our own conscience, the gratitude of all right-minded men and women, and the favor of Almighty God.



THE CITY OF HOMES AND HISTORY:  
AN ODE TO SOMERVILLE

By EDWARD TALLMADGE ROOT



I.

Weary, happy, eager, yearning,  
Unto thee are they returning,  
When the light which, all day colorless,  
Aided patiently their toil and stress,  
Freed, like them, sets all the sky aflame with raptures burning!  
While its joyous tints are glowing,  
What a human tide is flowing  
Over viaducts which span the spacious river,  
Where the west is mirrored and the long reflections quiver  
From the line of lamps that marches,  
On embankments and on arches,  
To escort them as in triumph to their home!  
Now a thousand score they come.  
They are drawn by steeds of steam escaping from a prison;  
They are borne by lightnings caught on labyrinths of wire;—  
Nay! what draws them is a hope once more arisen;  
'Tis the memory of thee, and ever fond desire!

II.

O thou City of our Homes,  
Can we ever cease to love thee?  
Or the one who farthest roams  
Find a place to choose above thee?  
Thou wast formed for our abode,  
When the purpose of our God  
Drave the plowshares of the glaziers through the land,  
Bade the torrents, at their melting, heap the sand,  
And between the merging rivers,  
Formed this stretch of highland,  
Left almost an island,  
With its sloping summits seven.  
Thus to thee was there forever given,



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Not the mill which with its looms or forges quivers,  
Not the mart which only gathers and delivers;  
    But, upon its shaded street, the cosy dwelling,  
    Where men truly live, and making, buying, selling  
    Find their motive and their goal;—  
School and library, the people's palaces of learning,  
Church with slender spire embodying the spirit's yearning,  
    Thine, these workshops of the soul!

III.

Lovingly thy sister cities circle thee;  
And thy tree-arched streets descending  
Meet no barrier or ending,  
With their courts or highways blending  
In a friendship glad and free.  
But thy hilltops form a throne,  
Where a thousand homes may claim  
That their modest windows frame  
Pictures such as poets paint and monarchs fain would own!  
West and north the eye delights,  
Viewing green or granite heights  
Where the growing suburbs press  
On a cherished wilderness,  
And the Mystic winds between  
Through its marshes ever green.

Eastward windows follow down  
To thine ancient mother-town,  
Where a massive obelisk  
Tells of Freedom's cost and risk.  
Others frame the gilded dome  
Of the Commonwealth's proud home;  
And, beyond, a statelier tower,  
Symbol of the Nation's power.

Then successive windows measure  
Crowded miles of toil and treasure,  
Flecked with fanes of prayer or pleasure;  
Till the wearied vision rests  
Upon villa-dotted crests,  
And a hill-top great and blue,  
Like a mighty sentinel to guard the southern view!

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

IV.

Space is thus outspread before thy points of vantage; and in time  
They command the varied vistas of the years,  
Backward o'er heroic deeds and conquered fears;  
Forward, if our hearts deceive us not, to destiny sublime!  
Yankee clipper-ships have ventured every sea:  
But 'twas thine to lead the way  
When "The Blessing of the Bay"  
Dared the waters still uncharted and the winds, fitful and free.

Thine is still the haunted tower  
Whence the plundered kegs of powder  
Roused the towns to feel their power  
And resentment rumbling louder,  
Till a steeple's signal light  
Bade one gallop through the night  
O'er thy hills to rouse the farmers for the morn of Concord's fight.  
Back through thee, the beaten British bands retreated;  
And through thee the patriots marched to Bunker Hill.  
Yet a happier height of thine their task completed,  
And unfurled the flag which triumphed then and triumphs still!

V.

Shall it conquer in the future, Somerville?  
Can thy gift yet save this wrecked, despairing world?  
Yea! if we forget not why it was unfurled;  
And exert today the patriot's dauntless will!

But no longer count we any race our foes:  
For henceforth for weal or woe the world is one.  
To proclaim the rights of man our flag arose;  
Not, till all mankind is freed, its task is done!

No! the foes to fear and fight lurk in our hearts.  
They are indolence and luxury and greed,  
Every vice that weakens, every grudge that parts,  
All divisive pride of color, class or creed.

If we these subdue, impregnable thy wall,  
Built of harmony and happiness and health!  
Even poverty, most stubborn foe, shall fall,  
When we rightly learn to use our common wealth!

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FIFTIETH      ANNIVERSARY      CELEBRATION

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And such citizens as thine both dare and think.

Differ may they, but indiff'rent can not be.

First of cities thou, to ban the trade in drink:

So, from all that harms, they plan to set thee free!

Ah! I see thee with thy plans at last complete,

Each defect that still disfigures swept away;

Comfort, safety, beauty, where on every street

Men exult to live and happy children play!

O our City, proud tonight of fifty years,

Five times fifty, of thy childhood, were span.

Now in this thine early manhood, laugh at fears!

Take thy place in human progress with the van!

## THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD



"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.



There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran;—  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban;—  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—  
Both parts of an infinite plan;—  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

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FIFTIETH      ANNIVERSARY      CELEBRATION

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I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead  
And mountains of wearisome height;  
That the road passes on through the long afternoon  
And stretches away to the night.  
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by—  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

Born in Candia, N. H., June 19, 1858; Librarian, Somerville Public Library, from 1898 to his death, February 26, 1911.

From "Dreams in Homespun," Copyright, 1897, by Lee & Shepard. Used by permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.



## ROUTE AND ROSTER OF THE PARADE

The parade started at 9.30 a. m., July 4, 1922, from corner of Broadway and School street.



### ROUTE OF PARADE.

Route: School street to Medford street, to Washington street, to Union Square, to Bow and Summer streets, to Central street, to Highland avenue, to Walnut street, countermarching on Highland avenue to Central street, thence to Davis Square, to College avenue, where parade was reviewed by the Chief Marshal, Mayor, invited guests and public and parade officials from stand erected near the West Somerville Baptist Church.

### HEAD OF PARADE.

#### MOUNTED POLICE ESCORT

Police Sergeant Frank H. Graves, Commanding.

#### CHIEF MARSHAL

Major Joseph E. Wiley.

#### CHIEF OF STAFF

Captain Myron A. MacGaffey.

#### CHIEF MARSHAL'S STAFF

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Morse,  
Major George I. Canfield,  
Major Walter Hunt,  
Captain John Kenney,  
Captain George T. Day,  
Lieutenant Ralph G. Perkins,  
Lieutenant Albert F. McLean,  
Lieutenant Arthur Benoit,  
Lieutenant William S. George,  
Lieutenant John T. Kerr.





PARADE COMMITTEE OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

President Enoch B. Robertson, Chairman, seated before the table.

Standing, left—Emerson J. Coldwell, Right—William F. Burns.

Seated, left to right—Joseph A. Haley, Waldo D. Phelps, vice-president of the Board; Thomas D.

Mitchell, J. Freeman Saville.

FIRST DIVISION

(Military)

MARSHAL

Commander Eugene W. Driscoll.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Linwood S. Gilman.

FIRST DIVISION STAFF

Major Walter A. Thomas,

Lieutenant William A. Wardwell,

H. J. McKenzie,

Quartermaster James R. Philbrook,

Wilfred J. McCarthy,

H. S. Cole,

Lieutenant William Frink,

5th Regiment U. S. Infantry with "Coblentz Band,"

Colonel H. E. Knight commanding.

U. S. Marine detachment and band.

U. S. Navy detachment and band.

101st Engineers, Mass. N. G. and band, Colonel John F. Osborn commanding.

His Honor, the Mayor, invited guests and public officials, in automobiles.

Headquarters Troop, 110th Cavalry, Mass. N. G., Captain A. E. Duncan commanding.



SECOND DIVISION

(VETERANS)

MARSHAL

Commander Arthur D. Healey.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Adjutant Lee C. Kitson.

SECOND DIVISION STAFF

Lieutenant George W. Pratt, of George Dilboy Post 529, V. F. W.; Amasa E. Googins, of W. C. Kinsley Post 139,



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FIFTIETH      ANNIVERSARY      CELEBRATION

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G. A. R. A member of each unit in line was designated for staff.

Ives Band.

Willard C. Kinsley Post 139, G. A. R., Frank S. Badger commanding (in automobiles).

Somerville Post 19, American Legion.

Disabled war veterans in automobiles.

George Dilboy Post 529, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Canadian Veterans Association, Vimy Camp 1.



THIRD DIVISION

MARSHAL

Scout Commissioner Percy A. Brigham.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Captain Waldo W. Walker.

STAFF SERGEANT

Sergeant Charles M. Tyler.

THIRD DIVISION STAFF

Lieutenant Minot R. Edwards,  
Scout Commissioner James Williamson,  
Scout Commissioner W. F. Downe,  
Captain George A. Lawson,  
Sergeant Floyd F. Foster,  
Captain Ethel Durning,  
Captain Edna Durning,  
Major Ernest Dixon.

ORDERLIES

Scout Eldon Wedlock, Troop 3; Scout Edward Backus,  
Troop 10; Bugler, Arthur Jacobson, Troop 3.

Newton Constabulary Band.

Boy Scouts of America, Laurence A. Wentworth, department commander, commanding.

First Battalion, Willis E. Munroe, assistant department commander, commanding.

Second Battalion, Cecil Taylor, deputy assistant commander, commanding.

Girl Scouts, Sophie C. Bateman, commissioner; Captain Florence Berry, commanding; Captain Marion Durning, Captain Ethel Durning, Captain Edna Durning.

Feature by Somerville High School students under direction of Mrs. Nettie M. Brown.

"Uncle Sam" (Kenneth Watson).

"Liberty" (Miss Esme Lucas).

"Justice" (Miss Dorothy Brown).

Living flag, by 130 high school girls.

St. Augustine's Cadet Field Band.

St. Augustine's Cadets, Boston.

St. Mary's Cardinal Cadets, Charlestown.



## FOURTH DIVISION

MARSHAL

Paul O. Curtis.

### FOURTH DIVISION STAFF

Sergeant George L. Anderson, of Somerville Lodge 917, B. P. O. E.; Cornelius Cody, of Mt. Benedict Council 75, K. of C.; additional members of staff from organizations in division.

Somerville Lodge 917, B. P. O. E., with Y. D. Band, George Cohan, Exalted Ruler, Lieutenant William E. Boyden, Marshal.

Mount Benedict Council 75, Knights of Columbus, with Immaculate Conception Band; James F. Sharkey, Grand Knight, commanding.

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FIFTIETH      ANNIVERSARY      CELEBRATION

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FIFTH DIVISION

MARSHAL

Laurence S. Howard, P. C., Somerville Lodge 11,  
K. of P.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Walter B. Motz, P. C., Arcadia Lodge 113, K. of P.

ADJUTANT

Colonel William F. Williamson, military department,  
K. of P.

FIFTH DIVISION STAFF:

William F. Beaman, C. M. of E. Grand Lodge, K. of P.;  
C. W. Lord, Chancellor Commander, Arcadia Lodge, K. of  
P.; C. K. Bigelow, Chancellor Commander, Somerville  
Lodge, K. of P.; Dr. Herbert C. Perkins, Royal Vizier, D. O.  
K. K.; Thomas F. Plant, Somerville Aerie 1037, F. O. E.;  
Francis E. Cassidy, Mt. Horeb Lodge, L. O. L.; E. G. Lav-  
ender, United Commercial Travelers; W. H. Bellows, Winter  
Hill Nest, Order of Owls; Rev. George B. Blacknall, Old  
Powder House Lodge, G. U. O. O. F.

Omar Grotto Band.

Military department, Knights of Pythias, Brigadier-  
General Lewis J. McKenzie, commander.

Arcadia Lodge, Knights of Pythias, Somerville Lodge,  
Knights of Pythias.

Abou Ben Adhem Temple, D. O. K. K., Past Chancellor,  
M. E. Henderson, commander.

St. Joseph's Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps.

Somerville Aerie 1037, Fraternal Order of Eagles, John  
Connelly, commander.

Salvation Army Band.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, L. O. I., Thomas Doherty, com-  
mander.

Ladies' Kiltie Band.

Visiting Members, L. O. I.

Kiltie Girls' Band.

United Commercial Travelers, E. Y. Grant, commander.

Winter Hill Nest, Order of Owls, Charles Black, commander.

Old Powder House Lodge, G. U. O. O. F., Everett E. West, P. S., commander.



## SIXTH DIVISION

MARSHAL

Henry A. Steeves.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Lieutenant Clarence M. Mixer.

## SIXTH DIVISION STAFF

Lieutenant Fred J. Cliff, Major Leon Ranger.

## FOUR FLOATS

1. Minute Men of '61
2. Loyalty
3. Charity
4. Women of '61

These floats were presented by Willard C. Kinsley Post 139, G. A. R.; Camp 3, Sons of Veterans; Tent 12, Daughters of Veterans; Woman's Relief Corps 21, and Circle 28, Ladies of the G. A. R., under direction of a general committee of the above organizations.

Somerville Post 19, American Legion Auxiliary. Float.

George Dilboy Post 529, V. F. W. Auxiliary. Float.

Poppy Club of Somerville. Float.

Winter Hill and America Lodges, N. E. O. P. Float.

Somerville Historical Society. Float, representing raising of first American flag, Prospect Hill.

Somerville Fourth of July Association. Float, representing ex-mayors of Somerville, during ten-year periods from 1872 to 1922.



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FIFTIETH      ANNIVERSARY      CELEBRATION

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Court Ursula 187, Catholic Daughters of America. Float.

General John Sullivan Branch, Friends of Irish Freedom. Float.

Ward Four Republican Club. Float.

Anne Adams Tufts Chapter, D. A. R. Float.

Somerville Woman's Catholic Club. Float.

Camp 1, Patriotic Order of Americans. Float.

Camp 2, Patriotic Order of Americans. Float.

Pilgrim Lodge 58, Degree of Honor Protective Association. Float.

Daughters of Maine. Float.

Lodge Fylgia 262, O. V. Norse Viking Ship.

Somerville Grange, P. of H. Float.

Sons and Daughters of N. H. Club. Float.

Somerville Temple 18, Pythian Sisters. Float.

The Home Club of Somerville, Decorated auto containing four of oldest members.

Royal Arcanum Councils of Somerville. Float.



## SEVENTH DIVISION

### MARSHAL

Eugene M. Carman.

### CHIEF OF STAFF

Charles E. Nichols, Jr.

### SEVENTH DIVISION STAFF

John R. Berry,  
Frederick J. White,  
Howard C. Prescott,  
Charles H. Manzer,  
William Stern,  
Charles M. Sullivan,  
Harry G. Applin.

Pipe and Drum Band of Highland Dress Association.

Somerville Board of Trade. Float.

West Somerville Civic Association. Float.

Union Square Business Men's Association. Float.

Charles A. Woodbury. Decorated truck.

New England Bakery Company. Shetland pony and decorated wagon display.

White Cross Laundry. Float.

Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. Fleet of trucks.

Matthews Lumber Company. Truck and team.

Thomas McNee. Slate house on truck.

Pilgrim Motor Company. Three-ton tractor-trailer with Ford car on it; one-ton Ford Service Truck; one half-ton Ford Service Truck.

H. G. Applin. Maxwell cars and talking machine car.

Somerville Sales and Service Inc. Exhibit of Fords and Lincoln Cars.

Somerville Board of Trade. Truck with signs.

J. Walter Howard. Decorated Wagon.

C. E. Hall & Sons. Trucks showing growth of business.

Winchester Laundry. White automobiles.

B. & S. Laundry. White wagons.

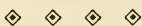
## LUNCHEON IN HIGH SCHOOL HALL



As soon as the parade had passed the reviewing stand on College avenue, the special guests with members of the City Government, chief marshal and division commanders and their staffs, were entertained at luncheon in High School Hall. At the head table with Mayor Webster were Governor Channing H. Cox, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, Joseph Smith, representing Mayor James M. Curley, of Boston, President Robertson and Vice-President Phelps of the Board of Aldermen, Congressman Charles L. Underhill, Secretary of the Commonwealth Frederic W. Cook, Colonel Harry E. Knight, of the Fifth Infantry, United States Army, Chief Marshal Joseph E. Wiley, Major Albert F. Walker, the governor's aid, and Ex-Mayors Perry, Chandler, Woods, Cliff and Eldridge.

After luncheon Governor Cox and General Edwards spoke briefly, congratulating Somerville and its citizens on the success of the celebration.

Before the parade had covered its route the rain began to fall and continuing in the afternoon and evening forced the postponement of the fireworks and band concerts.



## DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS



The fireworks programme was given the following Thursday evening, July 6, preceded by a concert by the Somerville Band. There was an immense crowd in attendance and the display was worthy of the occasion. Band concerts on Lincoln Park and Saxton C. Foss Park were postponed until the following week, the American Legion Band presenting the programme on Lincoln Park on Tuesday evening, July 11, and the Yankee Division Band giving the programme on Foss Park on Wednesday evening, July 12.

## OBSERVANCE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS



Early in the year plans were made to prepare the children of the public schools for the forthcoming celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the City of Somerville by making them acquainted with the main facts of the history of the city, its advantages of location and typography, and the character of its present-day business and citizenship. While it is a part of the work of the elementary schools every year to teach these facts about the city, special emphasis was given this year to the subject and special methods were used to lend interest.

Naturally these studies were brought to a head just before the close of the school year. On May 25, 1922, the Superintendent sent out the following notice to all schools of the city:—

### FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF SOMERVILLE.

Commemoration of this anniversary should be made in the schools. Inasmuch as the general celebration will occur after the schools are closed, whatever is done in the schools must be done in advance of that event. After conferring with principals about the matter, I have decided to request the schools to have short exercises on each of several days during the week of June 12. Wednesday, June 14, will be observed as Flag Day in the schools. At that time "Somerville's Part in the Defence of the Nation" would be an appropriate topic. On other days, exercises might be held on such topics as the following: Historical spots, industries, schools, Sam Walter Foss and other eminent citizens. The celebration herein referred to should consist in bringing together material that has been developed in the study of Somerville during the year.

It was later decided to devote this week, beginning June 12, to exercises, which were announced in the following bulletin, which was issued by the Superintendent on June 9.



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## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

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### SOMERVILLE ANNIVERSARY WEEK

In accordance with notice given in Bulletin 66, May 25, 1922, during the week of June 12 exercises will be held in the public schools in observance of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the City of Somerville. The Committee of Elementary School Principals has prepared the following outline of topics for use day by day during the week:—

#### PROGRAM FOR THE SCHOOLS DURING THE WEEK OF JUNE 12

June 12. Early History.

June 13. Historic Spots.

Powder House, Prospect Hill, General Greene's Headquarters, General Lee's Headquarters, French Redoubt, Paul Revere Tablets, Miller Tablet, Woolrich Tablet, Old Wind Mill Tablet, Recruiting Stand in Union Square, Ten Hills Farm, Blessing of the Bay, Middlesex Canal, Old House in Somerville.

June 14. Observance of Flag Day.

Teach the story of the Great Union Flag raised on Prospect Hill January 1, 1776. Emphasize Somerville's part in defence of the flag.

June 15. Somerville of Today.

Its advantages due to its geography, industries, schools, transportation, and civic interest.

Industries—packing houses, tube works, jewelry factories, soap works, box factories, rattan works, metal polish, lumber yards, candy shops, trunk factories.

June 16. Eminent Citizens of Somerville, Past and Present.  
Sam Walter Foss, George O. Brastow, first mayor.

### NOTES

#### PURPOSE

The purpose of this observance is to impress the minds of all children with facts relating to the history of Somerville and to prepare them for the formal ceremonies to be held on July 4.

#### METHOD

Teachers and principals may employ such methods as will best serve this purpose for them. Principals who plan

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## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

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any special features should send a program of such events to this office for publication.

### THE UNION FLAG

On Flag Day the story of the raising of the Union Flag on Prospect Hill should be brought to the attention of all pupils. This story should be familiar to Somerville school children. In order that the teachers may have the facts I quote here a statement furnished by H. P. Knight, Supervisor of District No. VII, taken from his lecture on the "Famous Flags of American History."

### THE GREAT UNION FLAG

It is now a generally conceded fact that the first flag with thirteen alternate red and white stripes, representing the United Colonies, was raised on Prospect Hill, in Somerville, January 1, 1776.

It was called the "Great Union Flag" and in one striking particular it was rightly named, for it consisted of thirteen stripes, red and white with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the canton. From this it will be seen that it was only half American, but it expressed exactly the general situation at that time. The thirteen stripes symbolized the thirteen United Colonies but the Union in the canton was the "King's Colors," showing that the colonies acknowledged their allegiance to England.

This was the first time in the world's history when thirteen red and white stripes were the foundation of any national emblem.

This was the first distinctively American flag indicating a union of the colonies. It marked the real beginning of our national existence and continued to be the flag of the Revolution until the Continental Congress adopted the stars and stripes.

Mr. Knight assures me that this statement is authoritative. I suggest that in the elementary schools and as far as possible in other schools a colored drawing of the Great Union Flag be placed on the blackboard. To assist in doing this, I will furnish each school a drawing in color of the flag which has been prepared for this purpose by Miss Andrews' pupils, 6th grade, Cutler School.

These exercises were conducted generally throughout the schools in accordance with suggestions made in the

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FIFTIETH      ANNIVERSARY      CELEBRATION

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bulletin just quoted. Many special devices were used to give additional interest to this week. One such is shown in the following letter sent to the Superintendent of Schools by a pupil in the sixth grade of one of the elementary schools:—

June 9, 1922.

Dear Mr. Clark:

For the past few months we have been spending much of our time studying places of historic interest in and around Somerville.

Wednesday evening, June fourteenth, at eight o'clock, we are going to talk about these places, and show pictures of them. Will you come to hear us?

That same day our school will be open on exhibition for visitors all day.

Very truly yours,  
Charles Zec,  
Class Leader.

Accompanying this letter were compositions illustrated with postal cards showing all of the historic spots of Somerville and many of those in nearby cities and towns. On Wednesday, June 14, the class gave a lecture on these historical spots which was attended by many of the parents and friends of the children. The lecture was delivered by pupils, every child taking part, each one speaking upon some special topic. The lecture was illustrated by pictures thrown upon the screen by stereopticon.

A company of High School girls formed one of the most picturesque and attractive features of the parade on the Fourth of July. They wore dresses of red, white, or blue and were grouped to represent the United States flag.

In these and in other ways the children were taught the historic significance of Somerville.

## SPECIAL CHURCH SERVICES



On Sunday, July 2, 1922, special services were held in the churches to commemorate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the city. Dr. Albert E. Winship spoke at the union service Sunday evening in the Prospect Hill Congregational Church, Union square, on "The Part the Churches Have Played in the Making of Somerville," and the address at the union meeting in the Baptist Church, College avenue, West Somerville, was delivered by Rev. Frank Kingdon, of the United Methodist Church of Boston. Mayor Webster was present for a time at both services and also at the patriotic service conducted by Grace Baptist Church on Cross street.



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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

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MAYOR THANKS CITIZENS



The whole-hearted enthusiasm with which the citizens of Somerville joined with the City Government in celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the City is a cause of genuine pleasure and satisfaction and entirely in accordance with the high sense of civic pride which has always been manifest in the affairs of the community.

For the interest which was taken, the co-operation given and the hospitality shown I, on behalf of the City, extend my grateful appreciation and bespeak for the City and its people a continuation of the prosperity and happiness and high civic ideals which have thus far been so conspicuous in its history.

John M. Webster,  
Mayor of Somerville.









